

The Washington Times

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"The Washington Times" is a member of the Rochdale Cooperative Society.

TAKE THE TIMES WITH YOU.

Summer Outings Will Not Be Enjoyed Unless It Goes Along.

The summer tide of pleasure and health-seeking has set in toward mountains, springs and seashore.

No plans for the season's outing will be complete unless The Times is included among the necessities.

Men and women may go from town to leave care behind, but those who would keep their finger on the public pulse, or be abreast of the world's happenings, or, indeed, who need a golden link between themselves and the whirlwind of time—these must have The Times sent daily to their Sylvan or seaside retreat.

THE TIMES is authorized to proffer the services of one of the most reputable law firms in Washington to persons needing legal assistance to free themselves from the clutches of Shylock money brokers. Application must be made at this office, as the firm offers this through charitable motives and not from a desire to gain publicity.

THE TIMES DID IT.

Whatever may have been its faults, The Times has at least accomplished one good point, for which labor organizations and working people generally should be thankful. Until recently the newspapers of Washington were openly hostile to organized labor. Their editorial criticisms, paragraphs and comments on strikes and other labor troubles were intensely aggravating in tone of the fact that almost immediately working people attempting to obtain redress for wrongs inflicted by corporate influence. And were some of these tributes published in competition with the Times, they would have been found in their columns, readers would have been tempted to pass them off for mere little lambs.

The cause for this sudden change of heart is the success of The Times. Here labor Washington newspapers have been it necessary to trade and favor to competitors. In order to find favor with them they have abused working people, accused them of ignorance and denounced organized labor as a menace to society. Instead of boldly defending the oppressed and fearlessly attacking the abuses that labor working people, they either openly advocated the cause of employers or sneeringly attacked labor organizations. But The Times has shown them something new in journalism. From the first number it has been a friend to labor. In circulation and influence it has achieved wonderful success, and to prevent further loss of prestige its local contemporaries are endeavoring to whitewash their reputations with compliments to working people.

In making this statement The Times wants it distinctly understood that the credit for this change of sentiment properly belongs to its thousands of readers. In supporting a newspaper that dared defend wage-earners they have unconsciously compelled its contemporaries to adopt the same policy. It is a victory for which the public should be grateful, for when the press takes up the cause of labor there will be less contention between employer and employee.

THE PROJECT NOT FEASIBLE.

MR. L. F. McKim, United States minister to Colombia, talks sensibly about the Nicaragua Canal. He says: "As for the Nicaragua Canal itself, while I would see it built, I do not think it is feasible. I talked with many naval men and eminent contractors, one of whom I have since learned was a shareholder in the Nicaragua Canal, and they told me that a harbor can never be built at Greytown. The water there is shallow, and constant dredging and the building of a breakwater would have to be resorted to in order to keep the channel open. That would, it seems to me, kill the thing. I am not an expert, and I am interested only as an American citizen."

There are a great many American citizens who agree with Minister McKim. They believe that the canal project is a lobby scheme to defraud the public, and if the Congress consents to guarantee its bonds that eventually the entire amount will have to be paid from the government treasury, and that there will be nothing to show for it except a lot of old machinery and an abandoned canal bed.

HELP THE MOVEMENT.

There should be no half-hearted spirit in the encouragement given to those who are seeking to establish in Washington a free library, reading rooms and labor intelligence bureau for workingmen.

Sympathy and dollars could not be better invested. One will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of those who toil, and the other will elevate the standard of good citizenship.

"Of the making of books there is no end," we know, and as a result books were never so cheap as they are now. No home, no matter how poor its master, is without books; but a taste for them can only be properly encouraged in a library.

There are hundreds of good libraries, and many great ones in Washington, but their doors are practically closed to the workingman, whose hours of labor are long. Every effort has been made to open them to evenings, but in vain.

If those libraries and their art and science accessories could be so opened there would be little necessity for the present movement, but as it is the people will have to depend on their own efforts.

The Labor Bureau will be of the greatest practical benefit. If properly conducted it will conduce to the interest of employer as well as employee, for it will make the wants of the one known to the other without delay.

This free library will also reach hundreds of young men who cannot be kept off the streets by any other agency except that of the police officer. In this way it will tend to the lessening of crime and will spread that knowledge which is very often its sure preventative.

Books may be kept at a smaller charge than policemen, to paraphrase Richard Baxter. Let us, then, put them easily within the reach of people who are common enough to be compelled to work.

PUT ON A LINE OF HERDIES.

There should be no minding matters in dealing with the Anacostia street car company. Its employees have been compelled to stop work unless their wages are raised to the munificent sum of \$1.50 per day.

It is reported that President Griswold will grant their request provided the stockholders are willing, and if they refuse and prefer to starve out their employees by refusing an amicable settlement the company should be deprived of its charter and the road abandoned until a more liberal organization is willing to operate it on humane principles.

For the present, at least, a line of herdies could be run to and from Anacostia for the accommodation of the public, and the necessity of a street car line obtained in this way.

The principal thing to do at this time, when the employees need encouragement, is to convince the Anacostia company by actual demonstration that it must pay living wages or go out of business. The public does not want a carrier-servant that refuses to pay more than a dollar a day for twelve hours' labor. And it would be even better to walk and not patronize the company, than to allow it to starve its employees and their families on such niggardly wages.

THE SHYLOCKS ARE VANQUISHED.

Unless the hundreds of complaints paid The Times by public-spirited citizens amount to nothing, its latest victory in breaking up the usurious practices of Shylocks is the most commendable of its crusades in behalf of the poor. At first these smooth-tongued sharks were obdurate, and refused to make settlement with their victims under any circumstances, but finding that The Times and its lawyers were in earnest, finally found it wiser and cheaper to refund their ill-gotten gains.

This far every case brought against the Shylocks has been settled to the satisfaction of the victim, and if there are others who have suffered they can obtain redress by either calling on The Times or its lawyers. There are other Shylocks who remain unrepentant, besides the ones against whom suits have been brought, and as soon as proper evidence against them can be secured, they also will be compelled to disgorge their stealings.

Meantime the new Loan Bureau for the accommodation of the poor is rapidly being organized. Within a few weeks it will be in complete running order, and those in financial need will be given opportunity to obtain small loans at a reasonable rate of interest.

The Times claims no special credit for having been the promoter of these methods of aiding the poor. It has simply done a duty that all newspapers should do, and it feels a just pride in the knowledge that its efforts are appreciated.

GOOD WATER IN PLENTY.

Every man, woman and child in the District, even those who never use water for drinking purposes, ought to rejoice over the announcement, made by Col. Elliott, that the Balcarres reservoir will be finished in about six weeks and ready for service. This means that the people will no longer have to drink of, cook, wash and bathe in Potomac mud held in solution, but that the fluid they draw from hydrant and faucet will at least bear family resemblance to the ordinary water of commerce.

Perhaps the relief will be temporary only. It may be that with recurring heavy rains our domestic water supply will again assume the opaque hue and dense consistency which beset the mind a feeling of doubt and uneasiness, but Col. Elliott says otherwise. With the Balcarres receiving reservoir holding the supply sufficiently long to allow the solid matter to settle, the water for which the householders of Washington pay heavy rent will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The quality being thus brought into perfection, there needs but come the sufficient quantity. In the course of time it would never do to be too much in a hurry about it—the Great Falls dam will be raised, and when that is done, the people will raise a shout of joy, for no more will they have to toll every summer, just as they need more water than at any other time of the year, that exceeding great care must be exercised if they would prevent a famine.

What a blessing it will be when mud and famine are relegated to the limbo of past and forgotten things.

STONES, BUT NOT BREAD.

There is a very worthy movement on foot to erect a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of our great patriotic song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

As a companion picture his granddaughter and her blind and aged mother are on the verge of starvation. "By next Monday," declares the former, "we will be without a penny in the world."

Is not there some serious reflection here on our patriotism and our civilization at the end of the Nineteenth century?

A few weeks ago we celebrated Flag Day, and many an orator, blatant or sincere, apostrophized the sturdy banner and sang the praise of him who put his beauty into glowing words in our hearts and on our lips.

The shock and fire and buzzards of the glorious Fourth still ring in our ears, and we know that on that day, too, Francis Scott Key's memory was not forgotten.

If there be windows in that world beyond the grave through which those who have gone to it can look upon this mundane sphere, the fine-souled Marylander must swoon at our pretensions, see that much of our patriotism, as represented by the powers that be, is mere tinseled and that our hero worship is a hollow mockery.

For his granddaughter and her mother, we will give a stone to his dead blood, but no bread to his living successor.

This woman does not want charity. She wants in this great and many-peopled government machine some humble place where she can earn her living and support her afflicted mother. While others unworthily sap the public treasury, she is discharged.

Shall she starve while we reverence her grandfather's memory?

Let the people speak.

This eagerness to enforce obsolete laws will not be altogether commendable until

certain recent ones are put in operation. That relating to trolley poles and wires, for instance.

RHEUMATISM VS. SCIENCE.

Past experiences have demonstrated that there is no nonsense about our Secretary of Agriculture. He comes from a country where scientific and bifid notions are unworthy of notice, where people forecast the weather by the chirp of a cricket, and where point of the compass is judged by the moss on the trees. Guided by this simple education in meteorological economy Secretary Morton abjures primitive meteorology and has recently refused to scatter government seeds throughout the country for fear of implanting cranky thoughts in the minds of our farmers. Whenever a new species of chinch bug, cabbage worm, grasshopper or other farm pest makes its appearance he also objects to having it registered unless accompanied by the statement that it has no blue blooded pedigree.

Notwithstanding his apparent abhorrence to new things, Secretary Morton occasionally originates an idea on finance that is worthy of a copyright. He gives it away to a reporter, however, almost before it has had time to dry, and there is little hope of his ever realizing on the advantage to be derived from an exclusive ownership. He has also been known to invent a new tree wash, the chief merit of which is to kill off both insects and trees. A late experience in this line probably prevented his visiting Kentucky in company with Secretary Carlisle to convert silverites into gold bugs. But the owner of the trees is no doubt not particular whether the Secretary settles on a gold or silver basis.

The latest and most injurious of Secretary Morton's follies is his promotion to the head of the Weather Bureau of a believer in rheumatic weather signs. Heretofore the government has depended upon mathematical charts, tables, barometers, and other tricks of science to prognosticate the proximity of approaching storms. Immense sums of money have been expended in "Old Probabilities," and so dire has been the failure of this method of forecasting storms that people generally have consulted the oldest resident rather than depend upon the reliability of unreliable bulletins.

The plan of operation upon which the new chief relies to maintain his veracity is to send a rheumatic person to each of the many signal stations to be found throughout the country. Each twinge of pain of these several human storm indicators will be recorded by telegraph at the central weather bureau, and the news, length, character and course of the storm will be chronicled according to the degree, acuteness, extent and suffering of the pain endured by the person. It is a bright application of an old weather sign to the necessities of government, and because of its uniqueness entitles Secretary Morton to a small Presidential boom. It has the merit of simplicity and is known to be unfeeling, and when a change of temperature touches the victim the pain does the rest.

Both Secretary Morton and his able weather chief have what may be correctly styled great and wonderful heads, and this new weather scheme will create a sensation.

Judging from the small attendance at the outlaw track, the daily decreasing number of bookmakers, and the several reductions in the purses offered to winners, the day of fake racing is almost over. Patrons will eventually become weary of having their pockets picked by unfair races. In the excitement of betting they may temporarily forget the robbery of which they are the victims, but in time they come to their senses and stop patronizing the track.

It is not an uncommon thing for the gallant National Rifles to win maiden prizes.

John Chinaman looks complacently on these local laundry fights.

The foreign habit of "fighting like devils for conciliation and hating each other for the love of God," is out of place in this country.

Any Virginian who comes to the Senate of the United States endorsed by the gamblers, thieves and thugs who make Alexandria county their home will be a disgrace to his state.

Secretary Olney as a Presidential candidate would not lack campaign funds. The trusts are sometimes generous, and they are good speculators.

Secretary Lamont's summer junket must fill Mr. Thurber with a hopeful view of the possibilities of faithful private secretaryship.

It is understood that Mrs. Cleveland has ordered a bicycle, and we are informed that Mr. Harrison is strongly opposed to the festive wheel. This would make as good a campaign issue as some others that we wot of.

The Tribby foot has been succeeded by the bicycle race.

Our garbage comedy is as long drawn out as a Chinese drama.

Why not put an extension-of-time clause into government contracts hereafter? It might save some little annoyance to the contractor.

The officials of Alexandria carefully discriminate between moral and material misadventure.

"What shall be done with the garbage?" is a somewhat ancient question in Washington. It will probably lap over into the next century.

The cut-rate war on wedding rates in Kansas City will not be entirely successful until a divorce is thrown in with each marriage certificate.

TIMES BEAT THEM ALL.

Capt. Barbon's Tribute to Its Cavalry March News Accounts.

Editor Times: While appreciating the fact that news matter concerning the just-finished march of Troop A through Virginia was the legitimate work of a live local paper, I feel that your enterprise in publishing such prompt and accurate reports of the camps and progress of the troop is deserving of special commendation and thanks, which please accept, respectfully, H. S. BARBOUR, Captain, etc.

We Long for It.

One sweetly pleasant thought Comes to us o'er and o'er, It won't be long till we can say "Please do not close the door."

—Exchange.



(Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)

"Oh, Mary Mulqueen,

Now what do you mean,

Now what do you mean, aroon?

Why don't ye smile?

Ye trate me vile!"

Sax Mary Mulqueen, "Ye ain't me style—

I'm in love wid a bould dragon.

I'm in love wid a bould dragon, me lad,

No infantry man for me;

An' married we'll be wthin the moon, me lad.

Is fuller than e'er ye be.

Oh, Cassidy,

My Cassidy;

He bugles for Troop B.

Whin Cassidy rides wid his squadron

He is the man for me!"



"Oh, Mary Mulqueen,

The Meadows is green.

The sky is blue as yer eyes;

Ye're white as chalk;

Ye made the walk."

Sax Mary Mulqueen, "Now I'll go talk,

I'm on to you battery b'ys.

"I'm on to the battery doods, me lad,

No battery dood for me;

A dashing dragon I'll marry, me lad,

The trumpeter in Troop B.

"Tis Cassidy,

My Cassidy,

He bugles in Troop B.

Whin Cassidy rides wid his squadron

He is the man for me?"

"Oh, Mary Mulqueen,

The tears I've seen

A-glint in yere sweet blue eyes,

Yere cheeks is trail,

Yere face is pale."

Sax Mary Mulqueen, "Now I'll go bail

Ye think I swally such lies!

Yere thinkin' I swally yere lies, me

lad,

Me fool of a small marine;

Go jolly a girl av yere size, me lad

Ye can't fool Molly Mulqueen;

For Cassidy,

My Cassidy,

Still bugles in Troop B.

Whin Cassidy rides wid his squadron

Me is the man for me?"

"Oh, Mary Mulqueen,

Ye're sweet sixteen,

Yere neck is white as the snow,

Come, ship wid me,

We'll sail life's sea!"

Sax Mary Mulqueen, "Now let me be,

For I'm weak wid me weight of woe,

Ah! me sorrow is mortal keen, me lad,

An' the ships that put to sea

Must sail wath Molly Mulqueen, me lad,

For her heart's at 'Wounded Knee,'

Where Cassidy,

My Cassidy,

Lies low upon the sea,

And he'll ride no more with his squad-

ron;

That is the world to me!

Ah! Cassidy,

My Cassidy,

Ye died at 'Wounded Knee,'

Through all eternity!"



ONLY PROBED THE SURFACE.

Hon. Simon Wall's Comment on The Times' Shylock Exposure.

Editor Times:—Owing to my absence from the city, I have not had the privilege of recording myself heartily in co-operation with your work on and in behalf of the deserving, whether permanently poor or temporarily embarrassed.

There is no reason in the world why we should not adopt a plan that seems to have worked well at times among the Jewish people, and can be successfully operated in the city of Washington. You have only probed the surface of the disease. I have known and do know to-day, as hundreds of others know, that some of the very worst Shylocks are in the various bureaus and departments of the government, who take advantage of the impetuous condition of their fellow-workers, and charge them not only 5 per cent, but I have known of several instances, 10 per cent a month.

People who are very loud in prayer-meetings and have very prominent positions in the various church organizations of this city. And there is undoubtedly a time to call a halt in this and every direction which leads to the oppression of the unfortunate, and prevents co-operation among the really charitable inclined in preventing pauperism, and to encourage those who, when they have a chance of repaying the lender, provided the lender is imbued with the instincts of charity and good morals. Very sincerely, yours,

J. WOLF.

Simple Enough.

Teacher—Johnny, explain to me the meaning of eyes and nose.

Johnny—"Why yer eyes is wot yer sees wif an' yer nose is wot yer smells wif." See? —Syncope Post.

COURAGEOUS CUTS!

We meet the conditions face to face—whatever they may be—loss or profit. We're sorry to see that the craze of money-making has made some of the small shops forget their duty to the community. So stop toying with the public's confidence.

More Money-Losing!

Gradually we're getting our stock of Men's Suits down into shape to take the inventory. Here and there, though, quantity still bulges out bigger than it ought to. The \$15 grade is too large. We'll fix that—

Beginning to-morrow you may take your choice of almost every Fancy Cheviot Fancy Cassimere

In the house that is marked \$15 for

Single-breasted Sacks Double-breasted Sacks Piccadilly Sacks

Three-button Cutaways Four-button Cutaways Regent Cutaways

We say MARKED \$15—no guess-work about your selecting here. You'll be sure that you are buying a Suit that is worth \$15—that has been selling for \$15 all along. You know how the fakes would put it—they'd say "good value at \$20"—this in this case—they are as good as any \$20 Suits in any store in Washington to-day.

1,200 pairs of Duck Pants

for you. They're a manufacturer's samples—been "on the road" with his salesmen—and may be a little mussed—perhaps a little soiled—but a dip in the laundry'll fix 'em all right.

Some are..... White Ducks. Striped Ducks.

There's a complete assortment of sizes—even up to 40 inseam.

The \$1 and \$1.25 ones are White—and you may have them for

The \$1.75 and \$2 ones are White and striped—and you may have them for

We "bagged" this game for our customers and not to stock other stores—so you'll understand why we say only 5 pairs to each purchaser.

All the Straws

That are left—

\$2.00 Hats \$1.75 Hats \$1.50 Hats \$1.25 Hats \$1.00 Hats

—every one in the department—even \$2.00 and \$3.00 ones if there are any over from that week's sale—out on the counters for you to choose from at

Yachts 68¢ Sailors

With high crowns and low crowns—broad brims and narrow brims—straws and coarse straws—but all fashionable hats.

Sale may last a week.

SAKS AND COMPANY

SAKS' CORNER

Pa. Ave. and 7th St.

ENDED WITH SELF MURDER

Kinsey Brewer's Wild Career Stopped by a Bullet.

INTENDED TO KILL HIS WIFE

She Left Him and Is Now Very Ill at Her Sister's House—He Armed Himself with a Revolver and Upon Being Refused Admittance Turned the Weapon Upon His Own Head.

Kinsey Brewer, an ex-member of the police force, completed the failure his life has been by sending a bullet into his brain a little before noon yesterday in front of the residence of his sister-in-law, Miss Jennie Smith, at No. 1139 Ninth street northwest.

He went, it is believed, to his sister-in-law's house on a mission of murder, and when he failed to reach his intended victims his murderous instincts were so strong that he turned his revolver against himself. A corset of wildness and detachment led up to the tragedy.

Brewer was about fifty-five years old. He was a member of the police force during the war, but about twenty-five years ago he severed his connection with that body and went to work on the Seventh street railroad. Afterward he and his wife started in the dressmaking business, and he was well known as an expert cutter of ladies' dresses.

The two conducted business for a number of years on Massachusetts avenue, near Sixth street northwest, and later on the northeast corner of Ninth and M streets, a short distance from the scene of his suicide.

SHE HAD TO LEAVE HIM.

He was always a hard drinker and very profane, and it is said that his treatment of his wife was so bad that she was compelled to separate from him. Shortly after their separation she was taken ill, and it was discovered that she was suffering from a cancer of the stomach.

The home on the corner of Ninth and M streets was broken up, and Mrs. Brewer was sent to a hospital, where an operation was performed upon her. The operation was successful and she recovered sufficiently to be removed to the house of her sister-in-law, where she has been since.

After the separation Brewer's debauches became more frequent and prolonged, and him evidently became imprudent with the desire to kill, either himself or some one else. He rented a room on the 1st of June at the house of Mr. B. M. Widman, at No. 1135 Ninth street, and the apartment he selected was in the back part of the house, where he could overlook the occupants of his sister-in-law's residence while they were at work in the back rooms.

For several weeks he had been a constant source of annoyance to his wife's sisters. At all hours of the night he would ring their door bell violently and demand to see his wife, or utter abusive epithets and threats, until they became terrified, and appealed to the police for protection. In response to that appeal their house has been kept under police surveillance nightly for over a week past.

BORROWED A PISTOL.

Last Monday Brewer visited his brother Mr. Henry Fenton Brewer, at Tennallytown, and staid there until Thursday, when he returned to his room on Ninth street. While with his brother he drank less than usual, and appeared to be rational.

About three weeks ago he visited the shop of Henry Neubeck, a locksmith on M street between Eighth and Ninth streets,

and borrowed a revolver, saying that he was going to the country and wanted a pistol to carry with him. The locksmith readily loaned him the weapon, and said nothing to him about it until a few days ago, when Brewer promised to return it at once.